

HER HANDS ARE MAGNETS.

Wonderful Power of a
Georgia Girl.

A STRANGE exhibition of a wonderful power was recently given in the presence of Governor W. G. Atkinson, of Georgia. The demonstration occurred in the Governor's reception room in the Capitol at Atlanta, and the possessor of the marvellous power was Miss Fannie Hester, of Greene County, Georgia.

The first experiment tried with the young lady before Governor Atkinson and his party was with a silver dollar. This was placed near the palm of her hand, and the muscles immediately began to twitch and jump. Several of those present felt her hand, and noticed the strange pulsation. A large, round stick was then placed in her hand, and as long as it touched the palm it kept continually in motion, whirling around with great rapidity. Several tried to push against her, but she could not be moved from her tracks. The Governor's private secretary, a strong, powerful young man, used all his strength to push the girl back, but could not move her.

Experiments were then tried with a chair, and although four men caught hold of it and attempted to keep it still, Miss Hester moved it easily in all directions with one hand. She seemed to use no exertion whatever, yet the four men opposing her were powerless in resisting her. It was the greatest difficulty to lift her from the floor, and when she stood on wood it was an impossibility to lift her feet more than an inch from the floor.

In this respect Miss Hester's abilities are very similar to the celebrated Lulu Hurst, but the magnetic palms are a distinctive feature.

THE BICYCLE IN PLACE OF "BLACK MARIA."

It has been left to the genius of a Western deputy sheriff to put the bicycle to the most daring use which it has yet known.

Josh Messenger is his name, and he is a terror to law-breakers in the vicinity of Sherman, Tex. It is Mr. Messenger's custom to bring his prisoners in on his bicycle, and he disposes of them in a manner which would seem to entail the most unpleasant possibilities for himself, but which he declares to be absolutely effective.

A photograph shows Mr. Messenger bringing in a prisoner whom he has arrested for a very grave offence, and who is probably of a murderous disposition. This man has been conveyed a distance of ten miles over rather rough roads.

The prisoner, as may be seen, stands on the bicycle behind the deputy sheriff and rests both his hands on the officer's shoulders. This attitude is compulsory for the prisoner. An ordinary observer would say that the man behind had an advantage, and that he could easily throw the rider

How
Sheriff "Josh"
Messenger
Wheels His
Prisoners
to Jail.

or choke him. But this, according to Mr. Messenger, is not so.

"If the prisoner starts to take one of

his hands off my shoulder," says the deputy sheriff, "I can send him sprawling to the ground and then draw my gun on him."

"The bicycle is more reliable than the horse for a deputy sheriff's work. The animal may buck or do something else that will help the prisoner to get away, but a bicycle is always steady. A man can use a gun very neatly, too, if he knows how to ride well."

Mr. Messenger rides a wheel of well-known make, but with one or two special features. There are two large steps on the hind wheel instead of one. These are intended to make it easier for the prisoner to stand.

It may be noted that Mr. Messenger pedals with the hollow of his foot, instead of the toe. This is on account of a bullet wound in the left foot, received in the performance of duty. Nevertheless, he is still a very able rider, and the Texas bad man will have to hit much higher than the toe to put him out of the race.



IN 6 YEARS."

BY THE MAN

WHO SQUANDERED IT.

"HOW I SPENT \$600,000

I HAVE squandered nearly half a million dollars in six years, and am now working for \$120 a day on a ranch near Ontario, in Southern California.

My father was a sailor, who became superintendent of the property in China belonging to the English nitrate magnate, Colonel North. When he died I became sole heir to a fortune of over \$400,000.

I began my new life with an assurance from some friend that by no possibility could I spend all my fortune. Accordingly I went to Paris and spent \$15,000 in six weeks. A supper which I could not remember afterward cost me \$5,400.

Of course, I could not think of going back to grim, foggy, sunless London after such a time in Paris. So my chum and I went on to Homburg. The Prince of Wales was there then. I saw him having a fine time at the races. They were the first I had ever seen that had any spirit and enthusiasm about them. I became a wild enthusiast on races. Ah! how hard I tried to get acquainted with the Prince! Some one told me that he liked men who were conversant with running horses. That was enough. I cashed some of my London bank stock forthwith and soon became known as one of the great English plunders at the Springs that season.

Several of my Parisian friends heard where I was and came to visit me in Homburg. Many of the same scenes at Paris were repeated. One evening, when two lady friends of mine threw champagne bottles into the big chandeliers and mirrors at the Imperial Cafe, where we were having a soiree, I was told to get out. I knew that no probability of my meeting the Prince remained, so I gladly went. Then I travelled along over Europe for several

\$3,500 for a white elephant

A little \$5,400 supper



\$400 a month for a drink mixer

Bet away \$140,000 in 17 months

A CELEBRATED PASS,

Thermopylae, Where the Greeks Have Talked of Making a Last Stand.

The intention ascribed to the Greeks at one time since the Turkish invasion of their country of occupying and holding Thermopylae has drawn attention anew to that celebrated mountain pass.

Thermopylae, which has been somewhat changed in recent times, was in ancient geography a narrow pass from Thessaly to Locris, between Mount Oeta and a marsh bordering the Malian Gulf. Through this narrow defile passed the only road from Northern to Southern Greece.

Here in 480 B. C. occurred one of the most famous conflicts of the Persian wars. A small army of Greeks under Leonidas defended the pass against a vast army under Xerxes.

Their position was betrayed, and Leonidas sent away his troops, except 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians, who remained and were slain. Here, too, in 279 B. C. the allied Greeks attempted unsuccessfully to prevent the passage of the Gauls under Brennus, and here, in 101 B. C., the Romans under Gaius Marius defeated Antiochus the Great, of Syria.

Thermopylae is one of those natural defenses which every border war brings into prominence, and its name has become identical with heroic fighting against overwhelming odds.

months. My progress was telegraphed ahead (unknown to me) from town to town by the German, French and Italian sports. I didn't know then how it was that I always had such agreeable gentlemen come and introduce themselves to me immediately upon my arrival at each hotel.

In the course of six months I spent some \$40,000. The gamblers got most of it. The champagne dealers, the hotel and restaurant keepers came next, and there were bills for livery hire, picnics in the country with ladies and gentlemen. Every shilling went for good cheer. I had no end of chances to invest money, but I had enough of such things already to bother me.

In Venice I became fond of a pretty American lady. She was from Chicago, and was abroad with her invalid husband. I took the couple on a tour through Italy, Hungary and Austria. In Vienna I gave the lady a diamond brooch that I believe cost me \$3,500. The husband got mad and I went to Moscow alone. Just at that time I had had an offer of \$50,000 for my house in London. That was \$4,000 more than I had reckoned on. That gave me renewed assurance that I was not spending my fortune too fast.

Well, in Moscow I met some English people on their way home from India, and what a time we had! I leased a small hotel for a month, and entertained the party there at my own expense. I told the chef to get whatever he liked for the table, and I had a half dozen musicians come and play every afternoon and evening, whether we were there to have



- Hugh E. Hollidge -
HIGH - ROLLER

them or not. I believe we ate every Russian and Austrian dish known while we were there.

In June I was back again in London. My solicitor told me that the first seventeen months of my fortune had cost me about \$140,000. My friends said that was nothing for a young man of my immense wealth to spend in making himself popular from London to Moscow.

In August, 1892, I started for India. I had two valets and several trunks of clothing accompanying me. When I sailed from Genoa I wired \$500 to two of my cronies to come along at once and meet me at Alexandria. I was lonesome without them. We three had a royal time. We were four months in reaching Calcutta. The biggest time of all was in Bangkok, Siam.

We took a fancy to the drinks that the steward on the steamer Port Said compounded. I hired him at \$300 or \$400 a month and all expenses to come with us and mix cocktails, juleps and all such things for us in that hot climate. He was an artist in his line. Every Englishman and American in Bangkok in 1890 knew us, and we kept open house at our lodgings.

One day, in my joy at the way we were so courteously received, I bought a white elephant. My friends always said it was a "smoky" or bastard white elephant. But, anyhow, the beast cost some \$5,000. We went riding on it every day until we wearied of it, and then I gave it to some men to square a bill we had contracted.

In May, 1893, I was back in London, and found an easy market for some \$90,000 more of my securities. Oh, I forgot

to say—on my way home I met some Parisian friends and they induced me to go and see Monte Carlo. I had avoided that spot as one would the deadly upas tree. I knew my falling, and, of course, knew all about the allurements there. But I yielded, and went to Monte Carlo. Joined in playing? Of course, and my expenses there were no more notable than those of hundreds of others. I made and then lost, through several days and nights. I believe I was out but a few hundred pounds when I got through.

Life became tame in London in a few months. Then my friends induced me to go to Gibraltar and hire a steam yacht for a cruise of the Mediterranean. Of all my fun I look back on the days in Tunis, Algiers, Corsica, Sardinia and along the Adriatic as the most delightful. In seven months I footed bills to the amount of \$163,000.

My solicitor came in great alarm one day and told me that one year more of my prodigal ways and I should be a pauper. I was scared for a few days. But the crowd of my jolly men and lovely lady friends only laughed my fear away. Every one agreed that a man who had so many dear friends in every capital in Europe and in Asia and North Africa could never be very sorry in pocket. That seemed reasonable, and away a half dozen of us went on a tour to Australia. There the same excesses as in Calcutta and Bombay were repeated, and I sent word twice to my solicitor in London to sell more securities.

At the beginning of 1895 I was made to realize that my fortune was practically gone. I sold some remnants for \$12,000, and this I spent in fare and other light amusements, after coming to America to make a fortune. So I settled down to be a farm hand, for which I seem suited.

HUGH E. HOLLIDGE.

WOMEN'S EDUCATION,

To Teach Them How to Hit a Nail on the Head and Other Things.

A philanthropic Englishman suggests that an excellent way to honor Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee would be the founding of a Queen's Institute for the instruction of women in mechanical contrivances.

The institute would meet a crying need, for he is convinced, after months of careful study, that women understand no more about mechanical contrivances than they did sixty years ago, when Her Majesty ascended the throne.

The philanthropist would suggest that special classes be held to explain the manifold uses of the chisel and the screwdriver, and why it is that the tip of a brittle instrument snaps off and renders it unsuitable for the taking up of tacks. He would have another class do nothing but learn how to knock French nails properly into a board. Instruction in the power of leverage should certainly not be neglected, for no woman understands the secret of the cold chisel, and if a packing case arrives when the men are away the contents are as inaccessible as if they were in a modern safe. The advisability of gluing certain substances together instead of attempting to pin or sew one to the other needs to be inculcated.